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Letter from Joanna [Muir] to Mary [Muir], 1874 Jul 10.

Joanna G. Muir

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Muir, Joanna G., "Letter from Joanna [Muir] to Mary [Muir], 1874 Jul 10." (1874). *John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)*. 281.
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Portage July 10. '74

Mary Dear

I feel quite good-natured this afternoon and think I had better seize the opportunity of writing to you that I may not again treat you to a shower of cold water.

Well Mary I like your picture much, and thank you most cordially for it. It is truly beautiful and the more I look at it the more it looks like you and the more I love you for I can see all your soul in it. By the way I showed it to a young gentleman the other day who seemed spell bound over it and pronounced it a most splendid looking picture. He is no mean fudge either and before I drop the subject I will tell you who it was. I was most heartily surprised and delighted the other morning, being called into the sitting room by mother to be greeted by one of the formal school students. I was so glad to see one from the old days that we escaped being embraced and kissed. We had a most agreeable visit. He is canvassing for a book. Fannie was in on the 4th and so also was the Salloway family. We were

Good and made

very happy

Mother sends love

Love

What are you doing now?
I am well in Madison now.
I am under the sun was that letter forwarded?

also invited to the Good Tem-
plans picnic to which we
went for a short time
long enough however
to cause my eyes to
ache for several days.
Our Sunday school had
a picnic yesterday I went
up about ~~midday~~ sunset
and played croquet.
Henry Keld was there but
managed to keep at the
other end of the ground
I laughed in my sleeve
and ~~was~~ ^{was} not.
We are going to have
preaching now in our
church. Our minister
came to town this week
and is going to live in
one of the cottages. He
has a little wife and
a little child. I am
as glad we are again
to be blessed with
preaching.
I had another letter
from John who says
he is still pegging away
at his book.
Annie wonders where the
letter is which you was
going to write the first
week after your life.
Very many greetings
and I do not feel that
I can write another
sentence.
With abounding love
Joanna,